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Stout Lumber Company,

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Building Materials
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We Have Opened Our
Candy : Factory
that our patrons can find a nice
selection of Home-made

CANDIES

Made fresh every day.
FINEST JORDAN ALMONDS
Salted to Order.

SWAGERS,

328 PIKE ST

THE NATIONAL STOCK COMPANY.
The National Stock Company delighted
ed a fair sized audience at the opera
house last night, the weather being the
only reason why the theatre was not
full to standing room, as the company
is one of rare merit and ability. All
of the players are well up in their pro-
fession and all of the specialty artists
are pleasing entertainers and applause
winners. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was
the matinee bill this afternoon and to-
night that funny play "Peck's Bad Boy"
will be given with a good intermingling
of specialties. Mannington Record of
April 28.

Sweet Melody Flour.

Sick headache results from a disor-
dered stomach and is quickly cured by
Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tab-
lets. For sale by Stone & Mercer.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR

BIDS FOR SAND AND GRAVEL.

Bids will be received by the street
committee of Clarksburg until noon,
May 14, for 500 loads of sand and gravel
to be delivered on the streets of Clarks-
burg, at points to be designated by the
committee, wagons to be nine feet long
three feet wide and one foot high. Ad-
dress all bids to Ellsworth Cork, chair-
man of the street committee.
By Street Committee,
ELLSWORTH CORK, Chairman
April 25-17.

Sweet Melody Flour

FRESH MILK FOR SALE.
On and after Monday January 25 I
will receive fresh milk from the country
daily and will sell it in any quantity to
local customers.

BEUCHLER'S BAKERY,
20 Jan. 04. 319 Pike Street.

Mrs. Swimbladder

(Original.)

I was once a scribbler. I am not one
now and never wish to be again. They
say that one important part of a literary
makeup is a knowledge of human
nature; that another is a faculty for
noting real circumstances illustrative
of common idiosyncrasies and weaving
them into literary work. That may be,
but there's a lot of risk in it. People
love to read about their neighbors' fol-
lies, but you just let them fancy them-
selves held up in the same way, and if
the fur doesn't fly I have no knowledge
of human nature.

Now, I had an inkling before I com-
menced to write that I'd better keep
off from actual people and actual oc-
currences. This I adhered to. I took a
great deal of pains to get names for my
characters that did not belong to any
one. As for actual incidents, the only
ones that came under my observation
were those pertaining to my own
wife, Mrs. Moss. As she didn't object
I resolved to draw my incidents from
home.

Now, one would say that such a
course would be perfectly safe, and if
there were no trouble accruing from
my home delineations there would be
none from any other source. It seemed
to me that all I had to do was to find a
name for Mrs. Moss, and to make as-
surance doubly sure I determined to
find one that would not be claimed by
any one. In a book on physiology I
found mention of the swim bladder of
fishes. It occurred to me that if any
one had been born under the name of
Swimbladder he or she would certainly
apply to the legislature and have it
changed. I determined to portray my
wife's humanity under the name of
Mrs. Swimbladder. I would pose as
Mr. Swimbladder.

Trouble began with my first article.
When one morning at the breakfast ta-
ble Mrs. Moss was finding fault with
my dearest friend I remarked that a
safe rule for our guidance was to first
look within ourselves to be sure that
we were not ourselves at fault. She
replied that it would be impossible for
me to have said anything that more
clearly applied to myself, adding that
it was singular how people could never
see their own weakness and never take
their own advice. It occurred to me
that this was a nice point in human
nature, and I wove it into my morn-
ing's work. This, my first paper on
domestic points, was accepted and was
printed the next Sunday morning in
the magazine part of a newspaper.

On Monday morning as I stepped out
on to the front steps I found my next
door neighbor, with whom I had no
acquaintance, standing on his door-
step. He was there waiting for me.
"Are you Moss?" he asked ominously.
"I am Mr. Moss," I replied, nettled
at his familiarity.

"Well, I want to give you my opinion
of a man who will listen to what his
neighbors say to each other and write
it up in the newspapers."

"Last week my wife snubbed me by
telling me that instead of looking for
other people's faults I'd better take no-
tice of my own. We were sitting in
an open window and could easily be
heard from a window in your house.
Yesterday I found my wife ridiculed
in a morning paper under the name of
Mrs. Swimbladder."

If the accusing angel who flies up
to heaven's chancery had written down
my name Martin Moss, murderer, I
would not have been more astonished.
I assured the man that I had not re-
ferred to his family, but he laughed
me to scorn, only he glared and growled
instead of laughing, and remarked
that if I "ever did it again" he would
"take it out of my hide."

This beginning was not reassuring,
but, thinking it to be a coincidence, I
kept close to Mrs. Moss' and my own
follies. In a few weeks my wife re-
ceived a note from one of her best
friends saying that she did not longer
wish the acquaintance of a woman
who had nothing better to do than to
gossip about her husband's instances
that had occurred in the families of
her friends. This was another dasher,
but, as the Hoosier poet says:
"I chawed on."

Within another month my wife and
I began to notice that our friends were
dropping us from their invitations, and
as time went on they did not happen
to be looking our way when we passed
them on the street. My articles were
in great demand, and I received invita-
tions to write for numerous period-
icals, but I found that we were very
much alone in the world, and my wife
began to complain that life under a
banned name was not worth living. Then it
occurred to me that the communique
incidents of our lives are peculiar to
those of other families. But, to repeat
the words of the poet:
"I chawed on."

The end came in this wise: As I
emerged from my door one afternoon
I received a blow that felled me on
the steps. When I recovered my senses
I looked up and saw a burly man
standing over me ready to punch me
again when I got up.

"For heaven's sake!" I exclaimed.
"Who are you, and what grudge have
you against me?"

"Grudge? Grudge enough. I'm John
Swimbladder, the man whose wife you
have been lampooning in the newspa-
pers."

That ended my literary career. I
finally convinced the man it was all a
mistake, but not till I had settled his
bill of expenses from the Pacific coast,
whence he had come to punish me for
ridiculing his wife, the total loss of
time amounting to \$500. I renounced
literature and set up farming, which I
find much pleasanter than earning a
living by illustrating people's follies.

F. A. MITCHEL.

The Center of the Party.

Jimmy—Pa, what's a "suspect"? Pa—
Jimmy, when gran'pa and your ma and
your Aunt Jane and I all take you to
the circus we go under your auspices—
Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"THREE FISHERS."

The Incident Which Moved Kingsley
to Write the Poem.

Charles Kingsley wrote the "Three
Fishers" as a result of the many sad
sights he had seen at Clovelly. One
day of horror in particular lived in his
memory, a day, as he described it,
"when the old bay lay darkened with
the gray columns of the waterspouts,
stalking across the waves before the
northern gale, and the tiny herring
boats fleeing from their nets right for
the breakers, hoping more mercy even
from those iron walls of rock than
from the pitiless howling waste of
spray behind them, and that merry
beach beside the town covered with
shrieking women and old men, casting
themselves on the pebbles in fruitless
agonies of prayer as corpse after
corpse swept up at the feet of wife and
child, till in one case alone a single
dawn saw upward of sixty widows and
orphans weeping over those who had
gone out the night before in the full-
ness of strength and courage." These
scenes lived ever in his mind.

But the "Three Fishers" was written
as a result of one of the strangest in-
cidents in the stormy career of the
preacher-author. In 1851 he preached
a sermon in a London church on "The
Message of the Church to the Laboring
Man." At its close the vicar rose and
denounced him. Bishop Blomfield for-
bade Kingsley to preach again in his
diocese until, having read the sermon
and seen its author, he withdrew the
edict. The same night upon which he
delivered his discourse Kingsley went
to his home weary. There had nearly
been a riot in the church. Sick at
heart, he retired to his study. When
he reappeared he handed to his family
his immortal song, "as though it were
the outcome of it all," as his wife said.

HEART PROVERBS.

He that hath no heart ought to have
heels.

A happy heart is better than a full
purse.

What comes from the heart goes to
the heart.

He who hath most heart knows most
of sorrow.

A cheerful countenance betokens a
good heart.

No estate can make him rich that has
a poor heart.

The heart's testimony is stronger
than a thousand witnesses.

A glad heart seldom sighs, but a
sorrowful mouth often laughs.

The heart is the hidden treasure of
man; the tongue is the gate to the
treasure.

A good heart is the sun and moon;
or, rather, the sun, for it shines bright
and never changes.

There never was a heart truly great
and generous that was not also tender
and compassionate.

"Royal Oak Day."

May 29 is celebrated in many parts
of Great Britain as "Royal Oak day,"
it being the anniversary of the restora-
tion of Charles Stuart to the throne in
England as Charles II. The celebra-
tion is not what it formerly was, hav-
ing died out entirely in many of the
southern counties of England. The
day was formerly commemorated not
only as the day of "restoration," but
on account of the marvelous escape of
Charles, who, after the battle of
Worcester, climbed into an oak tree
and hid from his pursuers among its
branches. On "Royal Oak" those who
celebrate wear sprigs of oak in their
hats and use the leaves for various
decorations.

Heavenly Business Methods.

Business among the Chinese, accord-
ing to a Russian traveler from Man-
churia, is on a co-operative basis. There
are neither proprietors nor employees,
but all who work in an establishment
are partners.

From time to time small allowances
are doled out to them—barely enough
to live on—but at the end of the year
all the profits are divided.

The Chinese merchants are so honest
that among all the ten branches of the
Fusso-Chinese bank located in China
there has been no record since their
establishment of a single protested note.

Maternal Faith.

"I always knew you did Josh an in-
justice," said Mrs. Cornstossel. "Some
of the folks that was to town said he
told 'em he was on the water wagon
now."

"That's good news."

"Of course it is. It shows the boy
ain't afraid of work. If he can't find
anything else to do, he'll drive a sprin-
kling cart."—Washington Star.

A Young Naturalist.

A mother was trying to impress on
her four-year-old son the importance
of going to bed early.

"You know," she began, "the little
chickens always go to bed with the
sun."

"Yes, mamma," he interrupted, "but
the big hen always goes along too."—
Philadelphia Ledger.

Alas, Poor Fido!

"Oh, John," sobbed the young wife.
"I baked some cakes today and that
wretched little Fido has eaten them
all."

"Well," replied the heartless hus-
band, "I'm glad the little brute's dead.
I never did like that dog anyway."—
Exchange.

About the Size of One.

"Is that a chicken?" asked the
boarder dismally.

"Of course," replied the landlady.
"What did you think it was?"

"A canary," answered the boarder.
as he counted the number of people to
be served.—Chicago Post.

Before and After.

Friend—Why do you call your work
a trade instead of an art? Artist—Oh,
I did call it an art before I began to
make a living at it.—Illustrated Bits.

Never meddle with a hornet or a
man who is minding his own business.

SCARED

(Original.)

Back in the sixties a man stood be-
fore a wholesale grocery house in St.
Joseph, Mo., superintending the load-
ing of some wagons. A boy of four-
teen stepped up to him and asked:

"Are you Mr. Brant that's going to
take the train to Denver?"

"I am."

"I want to go with you. You see, my
mother she took my father out two
years ago, when I was a little chap,
and she left me with my aunt. Father
he's dead now, and I got to go out and
take care of mother."

"What's your name, sonny?" he
asked kindly.

"Tom Hodge. I knew Tom Hodge of
Denver well. So you're his boy. Well,
I reckon I can take you along."

At that time there were still roving
bands of Indians on the plains, though
they had become far less to be dreaded
than formerly. The outfit was under
the protection of the wagons, who
were all armed with rifles. John Brant,
owner, was the leader, but the man-
agement of the train was left to a man
of the name of Conover, who looked
after the horses, the harness and the
condition of the wagons. Conover was
very proud of having been born in an
almshouse and not having had a year's
schooling in his life. He had attended
a dance in St. Joseph with his trousers
tucked in his boots to shame one or
two men in dress suits. He disliked
Tommy Hodge because he was a re-
fined little fellow, having been well
brought up. Tommy washed his face
and hands occasionally, a process that
Conover regarded very effeminate, es-
pecially while on the plains. The con-
sequence was that the wagon master
was disposed to make a butt of the
boy.

One evening after a dusty day's travel
Tommy said he would go to a creek
where he had noticed a good swim-
ming place and take a bath. When he
had gone Conover remarked to the
men who were taking care of the
stock: "I'm going to scare that boy
out of a year's growth. He's a pestifer-
ous little cuss and needs taking down."

Without delay he followed Tommy,
taking care to keep at a sufficient dis-
tance. Of course no one would leave
the train without a rifle, and both the
boy and the man carried one. Tommy
on reaching the creek laid down his
weapon, threw off his clothes and
plunged into the water. Conover's
plan was to put himself beyond the
boy, then send him running to camp
stark naked. After taking his position
the wagon master raised an Indian
whoop.

The twilight was deepening into
darkness, and he could not see distinct-
ly, so he listened. The floundering in
the water ceased. Conover strained his
eyes, expecting to see the boy's white
body shooting through the gloom. He
saw nothing but the boundless plain
lying like a dark ocean about him. He
began to feel that sensation of loneli-
ness which comes to one alone in a
vast expanse, and loneliness is akin to
fear.

Suddenly his blood ran cold at the
sound of a real whoop, not the whoop
of a white man, but the blood curdling
yell of an Indian. He started to run
for camp, and as he did so an Indian,
doubtless in advance of his people, rose
up near him. The savage was armed
only with a tomahawk, which he brand-
ished, and Conover expected to see it
flashed from his hands and cleave his
skull. He was so paralyzed with fear
that he dropped his rifle and was com-
pletely defenseless. Then he turned
and made a dash for camp.

Running like the wind, he was pass-
ing the place where Tommy Hodge had
gone in to bathe when close behind
him the pursuing Indian gave a tri-
umphant yell. Conover knew that the
savage had got within distance to hurl
his tomahawk effectively. He was ex-
pecting every moment to be laid low
by a blow when he heard a shot. He
fully believed that he had been pierced
by a bullet. Indeed so powerful was
his imagination that he fell and lay
partly stupefied.

When the party at the wagons heard
Conover's whoop, they suspected that
it was he, attempting to frighten the
boy, but when they heard the Indian's
whoop they knew at once the danger
threatening both Conover and Tommy
Hodge. Mr. Brant ordered the wagons
into corral, with the animals in the
center, and at the head of a detach-
ment of his men went out to the as-
sistance of those in peril. Hearing
nothing after the one shot that had
been fired, they gave up their com-
panions as lost, but pushed on. Final-
ly they came to Conover, lying with
his face to the ground. They turned
him over and were examining him
when they heard a voice from the
creek:

"Hello! Are you our men?"

"What in the name of—"

"Fin Dodge. Is he hurt?"

"Can't find that he is."

"An Indian was chasing him. Soon
as I heard the whoop I got my rifle
and brought it down here out of sight.
I saw the Indian chasing Conover and
plunked him. You'll find the redskin
farther on."

Sure enough, not a dozen steps be-
yond where they stood was the dead
body of an Indian.

Conover revived and with Tommy
Hodge was taken back to camp. He
was from that time not only the laugh-
ing stock of the party, but held in su-
preme contempt.

Tommy Hodge made several trips
with Mr. Brant after that, till the Un-
ion Pacific railroad, being completed,
took the place of teaming. He became
the sole support of his mother and is
now one of the principal merchants of
the great west.

ALBERT MAYNE MURRAY.

Ready Made.

Barnes—Howes was quite indignant
when he heard what you were about.
He says you can't make a fool of him.
Sheld—Of course not; but I can direct
public attention to what is already in
existence.—Boston Transcript.

PAYING TELLER'S LAPSE.

He and Several Others Failed to
Note an Abused Error.

Banks are notoriously careful about
scrutinizing the signatures to checks
on which they pay out money, yet, as
the following incident well illustrates,
it is possible for even the most care-
ful and experienced of paying tellers
to make mistakes. The incident is the
more remarkable because it reveals a
most curious error on the part of a
prominent business man as well as an
astounding lapse in the case of a usu-
ally accurate and scrupulously exact
bank official.

Among the depositors at one of the
largest banks in the city is an old and
prominent firm which may be called,
for the purposes of this relation,
Aloysius Jenkins & Co. All checks is-
sued by the firm are signed in person
by Aloysius Jenkins, its head, so that
his handwriting and signature are thor-
oughly familiar to the bank offi-
cers at whose bank he has deposited
for twenty years or more.

During the first week of this month
Mr. Jenkins got notice from the bank
that a check signed for \$1,800 in his
handwriting, but signed Aloysius
Smith & Co., had been paid by the
bank during the previous month and
the sum paid out charged against his
account. Aloysius Jenkins was per-
fectly certain that he had never made
such a foolish mistake as that. He
sent over for the check. It needed only
a glance to show him that he had
written it and the signature really was
Aloysius Smith & Co. He called up
the people to whom the check was
payable and whose indorsement was
on its back. They had not noticed the
mistake at all. It had passed through
the hands of their cashier and of other
employees and had been by them
sent to the bank, where it had been
credited to their account without ques-
tion, passing the sharp eyes of the pay-
ing teller and only being discovered by
accident nearly thirty days afterward.

Six or more experienced and expert
business men had let that absurd mis-
take get by without detecting it. It
was almost beyond belief. The only
more ridiculous thing about it all was
the fact that he had missigned his own
firm name. By referring to his letter
book for the day the check was dated
he discovered that he had been busy
just then in closing up an important
deal with a man named Smith. That
was the only possible explanation for
his slip. He has had the canceled
check framed, and it now hangs in his
office as a reminder that "to err is hu-
man" even in the best trained circles.—
Chicago Tribune.

When Onions Are Odorless.

How many times has every flat
dweller entered his home only to cry
out in disgust because the odor of the
onion or the turnip or something else
has permeated the entire six or seven
rooms?

"Let's stop having such things for
dinner," he suggests to his wife. "Why,
it's mortifying to invite a friend to
dine when one knows this sort of at-
mosphere is going to knock him down
as soon as he enters the door."

As a matter of fact, there is no need
for excluding the onion or the other of-
fending eatables. The simplest way in
the world to solve the difficulty is this:
Have the cook put into the cooking
vessel with your onions just a piece of
state bread about as big as your fist.
Somehow or other the bread absorbs
the odors, and you don't know onions
are on your menu until you sit down
at the table.—New York Times.

A Frank Comment.

Housekeepers will appreciate this
little story of Dean Stanley: During a
visit to America, not long before his
death, he was invited to dine with a
certain college president in a southern
town. Early in the meal the dean in-
quired of his hostess: "Mrs. G.,
would it be impertinent to ask what is
this gumbo soup?" "Perhaps I can
best answer," was the amused reply,
"by telling you Lady A.—a comment
on the dish when she dined with us
once on a time. She leaned across the
table and called to her husband: 'You
would better try the soup. It's not
nearly so nasty as it looks!'" "Ah!"
said the dean, smiling, "that was ex-
actly like Lady A.—She is a cousin
of mine!"—Harper's Bazar.

Zoological Nomenclature.

The buffalo in the United States is
a bison; the partridge of Michigan and
pleasant of Pennsylvania and other
states is a ruffed grouse; the rabbit,
so plentiful in the market at times, is
a hare. Both species of grouse, the
ruffed and the pinnaled, are called
pheasant, partridge and partridge,
and the pinnaled grouse is universally
referred to as the prairie chicken. Prairie
chicken is not a bad name for the
pinnaled grouse, for it is original and
does not confound it with other birds,
but it is not right to use the names
partridge and pheasant when referring
to our grouse, for these are the cor-
rect names of European specimens.

Self Sufficient.

A distinguished comedian who tells
stories very well was invited to a din-
ner and for the greater part of the
evening entertained the company.

When he returned to his hotel, thor-
oughly tired, his wife said:

"Well, did you have a good time?"

"No, I can't say that I did. Indeed,
if I had not been there I should have
been bored."

Mess.

Madge—Physical culture is just
splendid. I'm taking beauty exercises.
Marjorie—You haven't been taking
them long, have you?—Judge.

If a man is mean to his wife, he
is a right to complain when he finds that
her folks know it.—Athens Globe.

WHY HE THOUGHT SO.

"I shouldn't object to your accept-
ing him if I thought you had given the
matter sufficient consideration."
"But why do you think I haven't
papa?"
"Because you haven't changed your
mind."—Puck.

THE FARMERS' BANK OF CLARKSBURG.

A. J. FLETCHER President
J. H. C. POST Vice President
CLARK W. FIDDER Cashier
ERIK B. WOOD Teller
E. THAD POST Book-keeper

CAPITAL \$100,000

Four Per Cent. Interest Paid on all Time Deposits.

As a guarantee of safe, conservative management, we beg to refer you to our exceptionally strong Board of Directors, who keep themselves in constant touch with the inner working of the Bank.

WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS.

A JURY OF GENTLEMEN
Famous for their taste and style in dress passed upon the merits of our

MADE-TO-ORDER CLOTHING

Long ago. They decided, as